



CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION



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LOS ANGELES

THE JOURNEY.



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PUBLISHED BY THE
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THE JOURNEY.



CHAPTER I.

LITTLE Susan and Caroline Munson had often been told of a certain delightful city, where a kind friend, who was every day sending them some present

or other, resided. Their mamma often talked to them about this friend, and assured them, if they were good children, they should go and see him whenever he sent for them. She also charged these little girls to keep themselves in order, and to be always ready, as it was very uncertain when their benefactor would want them ; and she especially cautioned them not to be indolent or negligent, for such children were very displeasing to him, so that he sent them away from his delightful abode, and would not permit them to associate with any of his family.

These little girls, however, were very different in their conduct, though they had been brought up exactly alike, went to the same school, slept in the

same bed, and had the same kind mother to instruct them.

Susan was a very careless child, and would make no preparation for her journey, though she could not tell but she might be sent for that very night. But little Caroline was not so foolish, for she thought a great deal of the beautiful place she hoped to live in, and tried to keep all ready, so that she could go at any time without being obliged to leave every thing undone.

Their mamma repeatedly told them, that perhaps when the messenger came he would not wait for them a single moment; and my young readers will hardly believe that Susan put off getting ready to go when so much depended upon it: they all will say, that

at least she must have been a very stupid little girl ; but she was not, for when she played she was all life and animation.

Mrs. Munson felt very sorry to see her Susan behave so strangely ; and she used to get a beautiful book that was full of interesting accounts of the city and its inhabitants, with directions



how to get there safely, and read it to both her beloved children. But Susan would either fall asleep in the midst of it, or else gaze out of the window at the passers-by ; and so she never heard what she should need for her journey, or looked to see if she had any garment that would do to appear in.

Little Caroline, on the contrary, every day asked her mamma questions about her kind friend, and used often to send him her thanks for his constant favors ; and if she was tempted to do a wrong thing, she instantly thought, " What would my best friend think of me !" If each of my dear little readers would do the same, it would save them many a reproof from their parents, as well as from their own consciences.

CHAPTER II.

Lest this little book should become wearisome, I will omit a great-deal more about Caroline, and merely say that every day she grew more and more earnest in preparing for her important journey, and if she met with any little crosses or vexations, she learned to bear them very cheerfully; for she said to herself, "When I arrive at the beautiful city, there will be nothing to make me sad then, but all tears will be wiped away." Rev. 21:4. So you see, that a hope like this gives even a little child great strength and consolation.

But Caroline found it very difficult to *keep ready*, for sometimes her best garments would become so polluted

and defiled as to be utterly worthless, and she was obliged to cast them aside as filthy rags. Isa. 66:6. And had she not possessed *one* robe of great value, she would have had nothing on which she could depend.

But to proceed with our story, we will observe that the time soon arrived, and was even now at hand, when our little companion was called to take her departure. It was a lovely day in spring when the messenger came for her, and he could only wait one single day; so that if she had not been ready long before, she would have been much frightened at the summons.

It was just such a day as most children love best; the flowers were beginning to expand into beauty and

fragrance, the air was soft and sweet, and the birds were singing their loveliest notes from the green trees, as if they were too happy to keep silence. But Caroline cast but one look on them, and then smiled with delight, as she thought that soon she should hear far sweeter music, and behold scenes far more fair and beautiful. Only for one moment did this little girl feel any sadness in her heart, and that was when she bade farewell to her dear mother; but that watchful parent whispered some sweet comforting words in her ear, and soon all was peace and serenity.

As the dark night was now fast approaching, the messenger could delay no longer; so, just as the bright sun

shed his last beam on the earth, Caroline, with a sweet smile of happiness, departed to the abode of her friend in the glorious city.





CHAPTER III.

And what, my young friends, has become of poor Susan? Why, now that her little sister was gone, she felt very sad and lonely, and she also began to feel great shame at her own indol-

lence, and to reflect on what would have been her condition had *she* been called away instead of Caroline.

She found, too, that she could do nothing for herself, because of her ignorance and helplessness; and the more she saw of her own sad state, the more alarmed she became. She had a great work to do, and knew not how to perform it; so she went to her mamma, and begged her immediately to assist her.

Mrs. Munson was greatly rejoiced to hear her little daughter ask this of her, so much so that she could not help crying for joy; and Susan wept too, as her mamma read to her the beautiful story in the fifteenth chapter of Luke, but they were tears of mingled hope and contrition.

We will now leave this kind mother and her repenting little girl, and say to each young reader, just such a journey is before you. Jesus, who is your best, your almighty Friend, is waiting to welcome you to his own home in heaven. But have you looked into your own heart to see if you have any faith, or love, or any thing that would make you pleasing to him? Have you that robe of his righteousness, or in other words, that reliance on his merits which you must possess before he will accept you? Remember, he will soon send his messenger death for you, and you will perhaps have no time to repent. Take then these words from the lips of your Redeemer, and never forget that he says to each of you, "Be ye also ready."



THE LITTLE BIRD'S SOLILOQUY

I wish I dare venture, but how can I go
Far away from the tree that has sheltered me so ?
And what shall I do, when at night, all alone,
I find myself friendless, and sad, and forlorn ?

No mother comes near me—she left me to fly
In the path that she took to the beautiful sky

And she warbled of blissful and glorious things,
Ere she waved an adieu with her fluttering wings.
I'll follow, and fear not—I'll mount up on high ;
The zephyr will bear me—I'm on it—good-by !

Let us think of that heaven of glory and love,
Which to penitent sinners is promised above ;
And try, like the joyful young bird, to arise
On the pure wings of faith to our home in the skies.

“ And what is a soliloquy ? ” asks every little child. Why, it is a speech made to one’s self : just as if you were to say, when alone the next time, “ I am a thoughtless child, and often do wrong, and forget what I am taught ; but from this time forward I will try to do better, and will ask God for the assistance of his Spirit to strengthen me in this resolution.” *This* is a soliloquy, and just such a one as I hope each dear child will make in its own heart.



As infants once to CHRIST were brought,
That he might bless them there,
So now we little children ought
To seek the same by prayer.

For when their feeble hands were spread,
And bent each infant knee,
"Forbid them not," the SAVIOUR said,
And so he says for me.

THE HYMN-BOOK.



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THE
HYMN-BOOK.

MISS STEVENS had a nice class of Sabbath-scholars, consisting of six little girls; the eldest of these was named Catharine Morris, and the youngest, Eunice Edwards. Miss Stevens loved her children very much, and talked to them faithfully and tenderly; and what is more, prayed for them often, with great earnestness, in her own chamber. She saw their faults, however, and understood their characters,

for she had studied them in order to be a good teacher; and she had often observed, with great pain, that Catharine Morris was a very vain little girl, and thought much of her own appearance; and that if she had on a new frock or bonnet, she took great pains to display it. It would appear strange, yet it was a fact, that this thoughtless little girl really seemed to forget that she must soon be dissolved and lie down in the grave.

Eunice Edwards was a poor child as to worldly possessions, but was in reality rich in many Christian graces; her mother was a widow, and worked for her daily bread, and all she had in the world was this little girl. But they were full of peace and happiness,

because they had God for their friend; and you know the Bible says, "A Father of the fatherless, and a Judge of the widows, is God in his holy habitation."

One fine Sabbath morning, when every child that knew the blessing of a Sabbath-school was already in its place, Miss Stevens found hers all assembled, except Catharine Morris. After waiting a few moments, however, that little girl made her appearance, attired in a new summer hat, trimmed with pink ribbon, and a handsome pair of prunella slippers. She tossed her little head with rather an important air, and then seated herself just as her teacher had commenced the morning lesson. I am sorry to

state, that several of the girls suffered their attention to be drawn from the sacred volume, and lost their places while they were gazing at Catharine's new bonnet. Little Eunice, however, was so wholly occupied with her book that she never once observed who had seated themselves next her, but as she laid her hand by accident on Catharine's white frock, it was snatched away instantly. She then looked up with surprise and beheld Catharine glancing at her with ridicule in her countenance, while the foot with the new slipper was stretched out so as to contrast with her own leather shoe, which was coarsely patched.

For a moment poor Eunice felt sadly mortified, for she was a *very little*

girl, and even grown people find it hard to bear contempt with calmness; indeed it is so rare an attainment, that our blessed Saviour has left the only perfect example of it. Every time Eunice looked at her calico frock it looked more scanty and faded than ever, and she tried in vain to hide her clumsy shoes under its folds; and yet that very morning she had said, as she was dressing, "Dear mother, how thankful I am that I have got such nice shoes, and don't have to go barefoot like poor Sally Austin." Miss Stevens now called her to recite what she had learned the past week, and her lesson was from the 19th verse to the end of the 6th chapter of Matthew. As she finished her lesson—and I hope

all my young readers will take a Bible and read those verses before they proceed further in this little narrative—her teacher only said, “I hope you understand these verses, Eunice, and are willing to trust your Saviour?” “Yes, ma’am,” said Eunice; “and I will try and remember them.” And she did so, and when she returned home she felt a peace in her heart which “passeth all understanding.”

In the afternoon, as the children were about to separate from the Sabbath-school, Miss Stevens remarked to her little girls that she had procured some new hymn-books, as rewards for each of them, and that she wished each to learn a hymn before the next Sabbath. I have written your names in

them, she said, but I have not been able at present to obtain more than five books, and there are six of you; so one must be omitted.



Catharine Morris instantly thought, "Well, Eunice Edwards will be left out; for I don't see why our teacher

should give a pretty book to such a poor-looking scholar." She accordingly stepped forward to receive the first gift, but Miss Stevens only said, "Catharine, I have not given you one of these books, and if you will stay a moment after school I will tell you the reason." Catharine drew back vexed and astonished, and waited with a sullen countenance until each child had left the room. Her teacher then, sitting down beside her, said, "Catharine, if I were to give as a reason for withholding one of those little books from you, that it was because you were *not handsome*, would you not think me very cruel and unjust?" "Yes, ma'am, I should," said Catharine, while her cheeks glowed with

indignation. "But yet *you*," answered Miss Stevens, "despise little Eunice Edwards because she is *poor*; and is not that quite as sinful? is it not very displeasing to your heavenly Father, who has loaded you with benefits? Now, my dear child, I could not give you a hymn-book to-day, because I wanted you to see your conduct in its true light, and I leave it to your conscience to tell me on the next Sabbath whether you are not sorry for your behavior to-day." So saying, she kissed Catharine tenderly, who cried very much, for she loved her teacher; and she began to see that she had offended God; and she felt great shame when she recollect ed how *meekly* Eunice bore her ill temper. Thus you

see, my dear young friends, that the Christian shines bright when clothed in the garments of humility; and that even in little children, such examples may be instrumental in touching the hearts or arousing the consciences of others.

Catharine walked slowly home-wards, and she had nearly reached her father's house when she espied Eunice Edwards under one of the trees, with her new hymn-book in her hand. At the first moment Catharine felt tempted to take no notice of the little girl, but she made an attempt to conquer her pride and resentment, and said kindly, "Why don't you go home to your mother, Eunice?" "Because," replied the child, "I was waiting for

you." "For me!" said Catharine, and she began to feel haughty again, "what have you got to say to me, pray?" "Why," returned Eunice, "I thought, if you would like it, I would lend you this book till Saturday night, and then I will come after it; but perhaps you had rather borrow Miss Sarah Sheldon's than mine." "No, no," said Catharine, "Sarah never offered hers to me, and nobody has but you, and yet to-day I laughed at you. Can you forgive me, Eunice?"

"I have *prayed* for you," whispered the little girl, and then slipping her book into her companion's hands, ran away to conceal the tears that were gushing from her eyes, while Catharine, humble in spirit, was yet happy,

as a triumph over our besetting sin always renders us.

The next Sabbath Catharine was first in the school, and her attentive teacher saw by her smiling face that all was well with her. "Here, my dear Miss Stevens, is my answer to your question last Sabbath," said she, and she drew forth a neat Bible, in which was written, *A present to Eunice Edwards, from her sincere friend, Catharine Morris.*

AGAINST ANGER AND IMPATIENCE

When, for some little insult given,
My angry passions rise,
I'll think how Jesus came from heaven,
And bore his injuries.

He was insulted every day,
Though all his words were kind ;
But nothing men could do or say
Disturbed his heavenly mind.

Not all the wicked scoffs he heard
Against the truth he taught,
Excited one reviling word,
Or one revengeful thought.

And when upon the cross he bled,
With all his foes in view,
" Father, forgive their sins," he said ;
" They know not what they do."

Blest Jesus, may I learn of thee
My temper to amend ;
But speak that pardoning word for me,
Whenever I offend.



Look down in pity, and forgive
Whate'er I 've done or said amiss
And help me, every day I live,
To serve thee better than in this.

Now, while I sleep, be pleased to take
A helpless child beneath thy care ;
And condescend, for Jesus' sake,
To listen to my evening prayer.



